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NOTICES.

From Friendship's Offering, for 1840.

The Doctor's Two Patients.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

The Doctor had made a long round, he was tired to death, and the worst of the matter was all these foolish patients had real maladies; not the imaginary fantastical complaint of the rich, who are ill because they have leisure, but the positive substantial malady of the poor.

Now, as these troublesome patients were really afflicted with the long catalogue of ills that "flesh and blood is heir to," and as our young Doctor was very foolishly unlike a great many of his wiser brethren, he felt himself unable to miss them, or cut them altogether; and as one disagreeable consequence generally comes pretty closely on the heels of another, it of course came to pass that all his patients were poor, and the Doctor himself not very rich; and thus again it followed that he was obliged to resort to that primitive mode of conveying himself about, the fashion of which was first set by Adam,—we mean that the Doctor not being able to afford a carriage, or a cab, or a stanhope, or a tilbury, was obliged to carry himself.

Now on the morning in question, the Doctor had carried himself till he was thoroughly tired of his burden, and he came home weary and worn, and though not complaining, just within a few degrees of the danger of doing so.

"Two new patients, sir, want you directly," said the Doctor's assistant.

"Will not to-morrow morning do?" asked the Doctor, as he looked at his own arm chair by the fire, and that fire a good one, his slippers most invitingly ready for his feet, the table spread for his dinner—"Will not to-morrow morning do?"

"I believe not, sir—they seem urgent." But if people only scratch a finger or happen to sneeze, the Doctor must come on his peril, without a moment's delay. Did you ask what was the matter with them?

"The lady has a fever, sir, and the man—" "The lady and the man—oh, then, the lady is a lady, and the man is only a man. Ah, I understand you, they are of different conditions."

"You could leave the man till to-morrow sir." "Could I,—and suppose that he should die during the night?"

Now, though our Doctor had fairly and honestly earned a right to a little rest, having most thoroughly tired himself in his vocation, the foolish sort of conscience of which we have already spoken as forming one of the component parts of his character, would not allow him to discard his boots, or plunge into the comforts of his easy chair; so breaking off the corner of a crust and giving one last, longing, lingering look to his cheerful fire, he summoned up all his resolution, and once more ventured forth into the rain and mud.

"The Doctor made his nearest patient his first; it happened to be a lady."

The evening was darkening, and the grass growing brighter, when our Doctor lifted the knocker of a sort of shabby genteel looking house in one of those ambiguous streets, of which it is impossible to say whether they are within or without the pale of polite toleration; the difficulty arising from their standing just on the line where gentility ends and vulgarity begins, and being in fact of the worst of the best, or the best of the worst, nobody being able to decide which, excepting the inhabitants, and they gave a positive opinion, because they know the street, wherever it may happen to stand, is second only to Grosvenor Square. Our Doctor's summons was answered by a maid of the same nondescript character. The inside of the house was in exact keeping with its external countenance; the furniture and arrangements being all of a similar class of shabby gentility; and our hero saw at a glance, that it was "Lodgings to Let."

The apartment into which he was ushered, looked sufficiently uncomfortable; there were marks in the fire place that there had once been a fire, but it might have been a week ago for any symptoms that appeared to the contrary. Our Doctor felt the gloom of the place, but when he was shown into the adjoining room, the scene was still more desolate. A faint, untrimmed lamp burning low in the socket, emitted flickering flashes of light over the apartment just sufficient to show a woman in the middle of life, burning with fever and raving with delirium, lying on a bed; and a girl, the perfect image of fear and misery, weeping over her.

The Doctor sat down by the side of that solitary bed, and proceeded to speak of hope and comfort, and the young nurse dried her tears, and listened to his words as though they had been syllabled by an angel tongue.

"You are not alone!" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"It is not fit that you should continue so. Had you not better send for some friends to share your vigils?"

Fresh tears came into the young girl's eyes as she answered:

"We have no friends, at least in this great town, if any where."

"Are you strangers in town?"

"We have been here only a month."

"And have you really no connections in town?"

"No; mamma came on law business."

"And are you sole nurse?"

"We are alone," replied the girl, "alone in the world."

"The people of the house—"

"Are afraid of coming near us. They dread infection—it is natural."

"May I send you a nurse?"

The girl again shook her head.

The Doctor felt, rather than saw, that pecuniary difficulties were the objection.

"You will not be able to stand much more fatigue," and the Doctor looked on her flushed cheeks, her blood-shot eyes, and her evident exhaustion.

"Yes, I can stand any thing; you have strengthened me with hope."

"But to-night will be an anxious night—a crisis in this disorder; and in the midst of fever and delirium, I am obliged to warn you—it is not right that you be left unsupported."

"You know that she will die!" exclaimed the girl, and in a paroxysm of frantic grief she threw herself upon her knees by the bedside, hiding her face in its folds, and clutching handfuls of its drapery in her convulsive grasp.

"I have already told you," said the Doctor, "that I do not know it—that I do not even think it—but, certainly, something better than the indulgence of a childish sorrow is imperatively called for."

The girl rose up again with an offended air, notwithstanding her grief. "I shall do all that I can."

"And I shall do the same," replied the Doctor.

Our Doctor went from that shabby genteel-looking house to one of much less doubtful aspect; it was so thoroughly and perfectly miserable that no one in senses could shut his eyes on its wretchedness and desolation.

It was not quite dark, and the streets were like the black sea, perfectly fluid with mire and mud.

Not a light glimmered in the obscure court into which our Doctor entered, for the commissioners of lighting and paving left the one to the moon, and the other to the mud; and as the moon happened to be absent on other duty, it required some courage and perseverance on Mr. Kendrick's part to steer himself into the farthest extremity to the court and up three pairs of stairs into a back attic, where he at length found his patient.

Alas! alas! that these bodies of ours should be the avenues of so much misery. Not a nerve of this corporal frame but opens a channel to suffering—not an atom that may not vibrate with agony.

Very dreary and desolate was the dreary chamber—the fitting scene of human suffering. Not a spark of fire to lighten the aspect of its squalid poverty; a deal table, a chair with broken spindles and worn-out rush bottom, and a trundle bed, were all its furniture; and on that bed was lying the second patient.

Our Doctor drew the rickety chair close to him, and sat down. A wretched rushlight made the darkness visible, and cast its pale light on the features of the miserable man; he was cadaverous and attenuated; his features almost incredibly sharp and thin; a pair of wild but faded eyes, deep sunken into their sockets, shot out fierce glances of anger and suspicion; lowering shaggy eyebrows, a bald forehead, and a few white locks on either side, completed the picture. The expression of his countenance was that of distrust, and fear and fretfulness.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the sick man, staring fiercely at the Doctor took his station by his bedside; "Who are you?"

"I have come to see if I can do you any good," replied the Doctor, in soothing tones.

"Good! no! nobody can do me any good!"

"You must not be sure of that. It is worth the trial."

"Sure! yes I am sure! I suppose you are a Doctor. I want no Doctors! they kill more than they cure. Don't waste your time here."

"I shall not think it wasting if I can be of any service to you."

"There, go away—go away—I hate your whole tribe! Leeches! Bloodsuckers!"

"Well, even they are good things in their way—a Doctor may be so too in his way," replied Mr. Kendrick, good-naturedly.

"Better out of the way," grumbled the impatient patient.

"Have you tried them?" asked the Doctor.

"No, nor intend it."

"Then you condemn in ignorance; a wise man ought not to do so."

"Hark ye, Sir," exclaimed the sick man, raising himself upon his elbow, with a look of fierce exultation, as though what he was about to say were quite unanswerable; "Hark ye, Sir, the poor are bad patients for your tribe. Look round this room; do you think a broker would give five shillings for all that it contains?"

"Probably not," replied Kendrick.

"Ha! ha!—and where do you think the money would come from to pay your long bills? No, no; go away, go away. You would never get paid; you see that you never would be paid."

"I am willing to give up the expectation; but that is no reason why I should leave you to die."

"But if you never get paid, what does it matter to you whether I live or die?"

"If I had never seen you or known of your existence—nothing; but having seen you, I am bound to my own conscience to do all that I can do for you."

"Without getting paid?" screamed the patient, "without getting paid?"

"That does not affect my responsibility. I think I can do you some good—it is my duty to try—it is yours to let me."

"Try then," grumbled the sick man.

The Doctor went home, but not to the enjoyment of his dinner, his easy chair, his slippers, or his good fire; it was only to make preparations for the care of his two new patients.

Another hour had made a wonderful difference in the aspect of affairs. Mr. Kendrick had managed, in that time, to surround his poor patient with a few comforts, had sent him a blanket, procured him the cheering advantage of a fire, had given him medicine, and what was equally necessary, nutritious food.

Neither had he been less careful of his other patient. There he had himself administered medicine; himself smoothed the sick pillow, and seen all that was needful duly done.

And never was kindness and support more craved for than in that sick chamber. The girl totally unused to depend upon herself, and in a situation that would have tried the strongest fortitude, sat by the bedside of her mother, who was raving with delirium, almost paralyzed with terror. They were evidently strangers, unknown.

There was not a relative or friend to share her toil or cheer or sustain her under it. Our doctor, however, sanctioned by his profession, became both nurse and comforter, and by that immutable law which makes the weak lean upon the strong, he was, under God, her trust, her strength, her oracle.

Three days—three days of unspoken anxiety and terror to poor Esther, followed. Alas, the heavy weight of moments, that seem hours—of hours that seemed days—of days that seemed years. Poor Esther's bloodshot eyes, her pallid lips, her fainting frame, bore witness to the flagging spirit; but our Doctor's cheering voice, his strength of mind, and his consoling courage, still sustained her. By a gentle but firm compulsion, he had made her at intervals take an hour's rest upon the sofa in the adjoining room, whilst he assumed her station at the bedside.

In his calm, kind, and authoritative voice he had ordered her to take needful food, and she obeyed him like a child. When she grew frantic, he reproved; when she despaired, he consoled. Oh! profession too noble for man—office rather of angel, to be the instrument of binding up the broken heart, of snatching life from the grasp of death, of giving to the mother the child, to the husband the wife, the loved one to the loving, shame that thy offices should ever be filled with a sordid priesthood!

We have said that three days of the bitterest anxiety had passed; the fourth brought with it better hopes. The delirium had abated, the fever was allayed, and Mrs. Heathcote lay weak and motionless, but memory and comprehension had resumed their functions.

But memory and comprehension, though they served to reassure poor Esther's spirits, seeming to give her the identity of her living parent, brought with them but little solace to the sufferer, for with them came the remembrance of those anxieties which had been in fact the occasion of her maladies; and our doctor found, what he had before more than suspected, that his own bill was not quite as "safe as the Bank of England."

The Doctor's other patient lay with his head half raised from his pillow, supported by his hand, striving to catch the first echo of his footsteps on the stairs.

"Another half hour gone, and not here yet!" said the poor patient, his listening eyes fastened on the door—"another half hour. He has forgotten me, or has something happened?"

The clock of a neighboring church struck the hour. "One—two—three, and not here yet!"

"Hark, that is the street door! No, psst! what a fool I am to expect him thus—and yet his is the only kind voice that has sounded in my ears these twenty years. Who was ever kind to me since the day my mother wept over me and kissed me, and—died? Who ever saw any thing in me since the day that her love left me, but a miserable ungrateful, miserably clad? And the old man wiped from his glistening eyes a tear. While he was speaking, our Doctor entered his lonely chamber, with so light a step, that the patient was not at first aware of his presence.

"Well, old friend," said the doctor, cheerily, "how are we to day?—nay, what is this?" as the old man's eyes, suffused with their unwonted moisture met his own. "What is this? what has gone wrong? what has happened?"

"It was a tear," replied the old man, "a tear to the memory of my mother. She alone of all the millions of beings in this wide world ever loved me, and a sudden remembrance (I often think of her in the quiet night,) brought the tear into my eye."

"A mother's love is an unfathomable well," replied the Doctor with a sigh, "but I never knew it."

"Then you have not known the dearest love on earth," replied the man, fixing his eyes commiseratingly upon him.

The Doctor shook off his sentiment, and with a slight laugh, said, "Oh, the dearest say you are you sure of that?"

The patient fixed his eyes searchingly upon him. "So then you are thinking of marrying. That will quiet ruin—quite spoil you."

"No, no," replied the Doctor, with a slight laugh, but this time was a constrained one. "No, no; I must make my fortune first. I am too poor to marry."

"But you are not poor! you are not poor! reiterated the sick man."

"And not likely ever to be rich," replied the doctor.

"Not if you are so extravagant," answered the sick man; "you have torn that good piece of white paper all to pieces."

"It was only what your medicine was wrapped up in," responded the doctor, as he extracted the cork from the bottle, and presented its contents to the patient.

"It would have done for another bottle if you had not destroyed it," replied the careful man, "there now, you have thrown the cork into the fire—that is sheer waste; and pray, while I think of it, do you wash the bottles back again?"

"No; let them go with the paper and cork."

"No, no, I shall sell them; depend upon it, nothing is wasted here; and by the bye, will you buy them? You doctors give rather better prices than the marines."

"I must refer you to my assistant; I never interfere with that part of the business myself."

"Then I don't wonder that you are not over rich; and pray, why do you waste your time upon me?"

"I repeat, that I do not call it wasted time, if I can do you any good."

"But I warned you in the beginning that you would never get paid; and in fact I never sent for you; I am not responsible. It was the people of the house."

"No matter who it was; I am here."

"But you can go, and you need not come back again," replied the old man, querulously, "you are not the Parish Doctor, I believe, and if you are, you can send your apprentice."

"Come, come," said the Doctor, kindly, "you have got some fresh crotchets in your brain; pray, drive it out again."

"If you had rich patients instead of poor ones," resumed the old man, "you would soon be rich yourself, and let the poor die. What are they better worth? They do nothing but encumber the earth; they pester the happy with their complaints; they will murmur and murmur; they will not starve in quietness, but the voice of their misery is mingling with the revelry of the rich. There, go, leave me, let me die alone like a dog. Let me turn my face to the wall, and die."

And so saying, the old man turned himself angrily away from his visitor.

"You can have the blanket back again," he continued, "it is not much worse; but you'll have the washing to pay for,—that's your own fault! Why did you send it? and the broth, and the jelly?—I didn't ask for them; that must be your own loss, too, and it will teach you better another time."

The old man paused, expecting a reply; but the Doctor remained quite silent, so the patient turned himself over once more, and found that Mr. Kendrick had seated himself very quietly in the old rickety chair.

"What, not gone yet?" exclaimed the old man petulently—"I thought I told you to go."

"Yes, but then I should have had the trouble of coming back again; so I thought I had better wait until you were reasonable, hoping that it would be soon, and that I should save time."

"Reasonable!" repeated the old man. "Is it unreasonable to want nothing?"

"But you want strength and help, or at least I want them for you."

"And I shall die!" exclaimed the old man. "I feel that I am sinking into my grave."

"You feel exhausted because you have been long deprived of proper nourishment."

"And where was I to get it? Where was I to get it?"

"The past has gone from us all," replied the Doctor; "let us make the best of the present.—Be calm and peaceful, and take such things as I send you."

Another rush of painful feelings came over the old man's face;—a sort of convulsive working of the features, like the breaking of a stony nature; and the Doctor left his poor patient with fresh tears gathering in his sad, wild, sunken eyes.

But sorrow is not confined to the lowest abodes of poverty; wherever man fixes his dwelling, there the shadow falls.

So the Doctor found the footsteps of this foe to our race, (ungrateful that we are, it is not a friend, though a friend in disguise?) in the dwelling of his other patient. He found Mrs. Heathcote propped up in bed with pillows, the coverlet strewn over with parchments and ominous looking papers, diffusing the effluvia of a lawyer's office, and the sick woman feverish with anxiety and excitement, and poor Esther, pale and tearful sitting at her pillow.

"This is treason," said the Doctor, "actual treason! You ought not to bestow even a thought on business."

The poor, thin woman drew up her wasted neck with an air of great dignity, and said: "It is the advantage of people in mediocrity to be exempt from engrossing cares. They mind their daily business; those of elevated station are absorbed in higher cares."

"Then mediocrity has the best chance of health," said the Doctor.

"Sir, we have a lawsuit pending," said the lady, with increased dignity. "It will now be speedily decided, and I soon shall recover health and strength."

"Or lose them," thought the Doctor.

"I shall then go down to my country seat—one of my country seats—on which I have not decided; but I shall, of course consult you, as you fill the station of my medical adviser. After this suit is settled, I shall have choice of two princely dwellings."

"Or none at all," thought the Doctor.

"And I shall be most happy to recommend you," continued the lady, "most happy indeed, though I could wish that you resided in a rather more aristocratic neighborhood."

"I thought," said our Doctor, turning rather reproachfully to Esther, "I thought that I had enjoined a careful suppression of every thing that could excite or agitate."

"My dear Doctor," said the invalid lady; "I know that you deserve our perfect candor. Do not chide Miss Heathcote. These papers and letters have been accumulating during my illness, and they require immediate attention. Our long delayed suit will be decided this day fortnight, but there were preliminaries—"

"Come," said the Doctor, assuming a cheerfulness of tone and manner which he did not quite feel; "my profession makes me very tyrannical. I have an antipathy to my brethren of the law, and I must both justify my own authority and satisfy my spleen against them, by thus sweeping away all their musty parchments, and I am bound to maintain that all the skins and parchments that ever were engrossed, are worthless compared with a single drop of my elixirs."

And so saying, the Doctor swept away the whole mass of papers with an air between playfulness and authority; and Esther, gathering them up, said, with something between a smile and a sigh, "Your kindness is the true elixir."

"You have been very kind to us, and we trust that we shall repay you as we ought. Kindness and attention shown to one of our house were never wont to go unrewarded."

"Mamma means," said the girl, with a deep flush passing over her face, "that we must always repay (if that is the right word) your kindness to us with unceasing gratitude."

"I mean more than that girl!" said that haughty mother. "I mean that services so freely rendered shall be as freely paid, and not with a niggardly hand. We, who trace our ancestry to kings, ought not, when we are served, to requite like churls and beggars."

Now we are bound to acknowledge that our Doctor was just two or three grades below perfection; and this little trifling alloy or adulteration brought the slightest shade of wounded pride across his brow. It is almost humiliating to reflect that services worthy of an angel's ministering, must yet be repaid with silver and gold;—but our Doctor caught a deprecating glance from Esther's eyes, and the shade passed away from his own brow.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the Doctor to his other patient, on his next visit; "are you mad?"

He found him out of bed, dressed, with his hat and stick, apparently intending to go out.

"I have a right to do what I like," replied the man, sullenly.

"That, indeed, you have not, when you like to do what is foolish and imprudent."

"I did not send for you," retorted the wayward patient. "You have no right to dictate to me.—I shall do as I please."

"Then, perhaps, you will please to take off your hat and shoes, and return to bed."

"I am going out," replied the man doggedly.

"Going out! certainly not with my permission."

"I can go without it."

"How long have you been confined to your bed? let me see."

"Three months, and I say that after such a confinement it would be a very hard case if I could not once more see the outside of the house."

The Doctor pointed to the window. Sleet and snow were drifting past in clouds borne on a cutting wind, that seemed to sever all that it passed.

"Do you see the weather?"

"Yes, and in sixty winters many times as much. If you don't like it, why don't you keep your carriage?" said the patient, with a sneer, "you would not feel it then?"

"Simply because I think it advisable to keep myself."

"Why don't you spend an hour every morning over your fingers, and put on two or three rings set with brilliants, and wear perfumes and fine white French cambric handkerchiefs, and have your hair in curls, and speak in a soft, condescending, insinuating voice, and so ingratiate yourself with the women? They are fools enough."

"Thank you, I prefer my hands, and my hair, and my clothes all in their present fashion."

"Then why don't you become a squire, and go for a week without washing your hands, turn up your sleeve cuffs to show them, and have your hair cut once a year, and never have your clothes brushed, and snap every body up that speaks to you, and tell them to order their coffins?—they would be sure to die of fear, if you frightened them well; and then you might carry all before you with the men."

"Simply because I don't choose to be a brute."

"Well, you can do as you please, and I can do the same."

"Excepting going out."

"And that is the only thing I care for doing."

"You will kill yourself."

"All the better for you."

"You will seriously disoblige me."

"I am sure you do not care a jot whether I live or die."

The Doctor looked rather injured.

"I hope I have shown as much solicitude for you, as for my most wealthy patient."

"You mean to reproach me with my obligations!"

"Come, come," said the Doctor, resuming his good humor, "the whole of the matter is, that you cannot, and shall not, go out."

"What shall hinder me?" asked the old man.

"Your own good sense."

"That says, go."

"No, indeed, that could not be your good sense. You mistook the voice: it was only Caprice that spoke," said the Doctor playfully.

"I am not to be bantered out of it."

"I spoke of a reason, not of a jest."

"And I have a reason, a great reason for going."

"And I have a reason, a great reason—may an enormous reason for keeping you at home?"

"I won't be chained up like a dog, and jested with like a child. I'm not crying for a toy. I will go."

"I see," said the Doctor, "that I entirely mistook the nature of your complaint. I ought to have ordered you a straight waistcoat."

"It seems that you have provided me a keeper."

"Then you will not let me call myself your friend?"

"Friend!" exclaimed the old man, as tho' his ears were startled at the unwelcome sound, "Friend! have I a friend in the world?"

"I am trying to prove to you that you have, but you know that the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"Mutual! what do you expect from me?—what have I to give you? Shall I die and bequeath to you these rags, and this mockery of furniture?"

"I am wishing to prolong your life, not to hasten your death."

"Or, perhaps, you think I have a large freehold estate, and look for some reversionary acres, or ships full of rich merchandise, or exchequer bills, or diamonds?"

"Now it is your turn to jest."

"And if none of these, what can buy you to me for a friend?"

"These things could not buy me; but you have far stronger claims upon me."

"What are they?"

"Sickness and sorrow."

"And do these, which disgust and frighten all the rest of the world, make you my friend?"

"I am trying to prove myself such; but as I told you before, the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"You mean that I should obey you like a slave?"

"No! I mean that you should oblige me like a friend."

"Do with me what you please!" cried the sick man; and, abandoning all his opposition and his acrimony, he submitted like a child to the wish of his Doctor, who, taking immediate advantage of his relenting humor, saw him once more with his head upon his pillow, and let him as he believed, composed and peaceful. Scarcely, however, had he descended the dirty, crooked, battered stairs, before the old man, perturbed in his purpose, had again raised himself from his recumbent posture, resumed his tattered garments, his unshod shoes and his beaverless hat, and, having first carefully locked his room door, staggered after him, clinging to the banisters, and muttering as he went:

"Our Doctor paid his visit the ensuing day, unsuspicious of what had happened. He had not yet grown callous in the course of his profession, and he was shocked to find his patient with the last days of life fast falling through the glass."

"I am dying," said the old man, "I am dying; and you are the only being in this world who has shown kindness to the destitute old man. You said that you were my friend and that the offices of friendship were mutual. You have discharged them well; and I, little as you might suspect it, I have done something on my part. You have thought me poor, but you were wrong. I was only miserly. I had nothing to love, neither wife, nor child, nor friend, nor kindred—and so, because we must love something, I began to make a treasure—a god, if you will—of gold; it was because I had nothing else to love. Ay, you little thought you were paying court to the rich old beggar, instead of showing charity to the poor old beggar. But—stood lower, my breath fails me. Take this packet, and he gave him a small parcel wrapped in the identical piece of torn paper which he had reproached him for wasting."

"Take it—it is yours. I went to the Bank yesterday to make a transfer—into your name."

"Take them—they are Bank receipts. I have saved you the legacy duty!"

The fortnight that had stood between Mrs. Heathcote and the possession of her fortune, that is, the decision of her lawsuit, which she considered the same thing—had gone to the tomb of the Capulets. On that day, our Doctor was guilty of the sin of neglecting his patients; he remained at home all the day.

The evening at last came. Mr. Kendrick took his hat; it was covered with deep creases—Mr. Kendrick had lost his poor patient, and was the richer by more than twenty thousand pounds.

He found Mrs. Heathcote in hysterics on the sofa; her head dross disordered, her cheeks stained with tears, and Esther by her side, trying to console her. He saw in a moment that the suit was lost.

Now we do not mean to impugn our Doctor's kindness of heart, but certainly the distress which he witnessed brought a flush of pleasure over his countenance—however, quickly assuming his own professional face, he sat down and began to exercise his provinces of giving advice.

And what was his advice? Gentle reader, it was neither more nor less than this; namely, that Mrs. Heathcote should increase her connections (that was rather technical) by taking the Doctor himself for a son in law, and as her country seat had turned out to be castle in the air, that she should content herself with a more mundane abode, and take up her residence in his house, although he confessed it was only built of such vulgar materials as brick and mortar.

And did the lady of a line of kings so condescend? She did, and Esther was nothing loath, nay, even rejoiced at the exchange—and so a Wife and a Fortune were both found in "The Doctor's Two Patients."

An English paper, giving an account of a tory dinner, says that the Queen Dowager and other State Paupers, were teased. There is more truth than flattery in this.

[From the correspondence of the Eastern Argus.]

WASHINGTON Dec. 2, 1859.

At 12 o'clock precisely to-day, the clerk of the old House of Representatives, according to the variable custom, called the members elect of the new House to order. After calling the roll by the States, beginning with Maine, until he came to the State of New Jersey, he called the name of Mr. Randolph, the undisputed member, and then stated there were conflicting credentials in regard to the other five members, and that, by leave of the House, he would omit the further call of the State, until he had gone through with all the States, and then submit the question of right in the case to be decided by the House.

Hereupon arose a desultory debate, which lasted, for about three hours, and left things in precisely the same state in which they were when it commenced.

Mr. Maxfield, of New Jersey, called for the reading of Governor Pennington's certificate and the law of New Jersey, applicable to the case.

Mr. Vanderpool, of New York, thought it would be well for the clerk to state all the facts in the case, before any law was read upon the subject.

Mr. Rives, of Va., was in favor of passing over the whole subject until the roll of members had been fully called, and a quorum ascertained to be present competent to act.

Messrs Hoffman, of N. Y., and Wise, of Va., insisted most vigorously that the Federal members of New Jersey had the only proper evidence of membership, and that their names should not be passed over at all.

Mr. Halsted, of New Jersey, followed in the same strain. As a member from the sovereign State of N. J. he claimed all the rights of membership. He had presented a certificate of election from the Governor of his State, authenticated by the great seal of the State, and he demanded that that certificate should be duly respected.

He talked for some minutes, in a style of great bombast, and satisfied every body, no doubt, that he had much better kept silence.

Messrs Tillinghast, of R. I., and Fillmore, of N. Y., argued, also, in favor of the conclusiveness of the Governor's certificate.

Mr. Slade, of Vt., was in favor of going through with the roll, before any discussion was had concerning the New Jersey members. He wished the clerk had taken the responsibility of calling one or the other sets of claimants from that State, instead of referring the matter to the House, as he had done.

Mr. Cost Johnson, of Maryland, denied the authority of the clerk to decide, thus, upon the rights of members, even for a moment. He said that if the clerk undertook to exercise such a power, he would not consent to acknowledge it by answering to his name.

Some further remarks were made by Messrs Biddle, of Pa., and Slade, of Vt., which were not distinctly heard when

Mr. Sergeant, of Pa., contended, in very peremptory manner, that the clerk should only decide upon the form of the certificate, and not whether the Governor of New Jersey had acted fraudulently in granting it.

Mr. Everett, of Vt., took the same position and argued at some length in its support.

Mr. Bynum, of North Carolina, said that gentleman seemed to think that there was no other party in this case except the Executive of New Jersey. He begged to remind them that the people of New Jersey had a right to be considered.

They claim justice at the hands of the House against the outrageous fraud of Gov. Pennington.

Mr. White, of Ky., spoke at some length, and somewhat intemperately, against the right of the clerk to go behind the Governor's certificate, for any reason whatever—declared that such a course was opposed to all precedent, and in violation of the recorded opinion of many members of the late Congress. He alluded to the case of Moor and Letcher, and cited some remarks of Mr. Polk, of Tenn., Mr. Thomas, of Md., and Mr. Bynum, of N. C. in relation to that case. When he had concluded, Mr. Bynum obtained the floor, but gave way to Mr. Mercer, of Va. on whose motion, the House adj.

Thus has passed the first day of the session, unprofitably perhaps, but yet peaceably. No one seems disposed to create unnecessary excitement, and the federal predictions of bloodshed and violence, have, therefore, all failed of fulfillment.

How long before the organization of the House will be completed, it is impossible to say. Probable, several days are yet to be passed in discussing preliminary questions.

The two parties, it is understood, have fixed upon their candidates for Speaker. The opposition held their caucus on Sunday night (all the religion!) and nominated Col. Bell, of Tennessee.

The democrats, I learn, will support Mr. Jones, of Va.

In the Senate, nothing was done after calling the roll. The members were all anxious, I suppose, to witness the proceedings of the House, and adjourned, therefore, directly after the organization. Thirty Senators, I understand, were present, of the forty-six elected. There are six vacancies, you are aware, in that body. In the House but a single member was absent—Mr. Kempshall, of N. Y. Every other member was punctually in his seat—something hardly known in Congress since the organization of the Government.

WASHINGTON Dec 3d, 1859.

The opposition have not yet permitted the House to organize. To day as well as yesterday, has been occupied with a discussion of the New Jersey case, and we have been compelled to listen again to almost the same speeches which we heard twenty-four hours ago.

The whigs have exhibited to-day great want of decency. After abusing Mr. Garland, the clerk, in the most vehement language for hours together, they refuse to allow him to utter a word in explanation of his course. He has repeatedly asked leave to make a statement to the House, and has been as often refused by some one or more of the opposition members. All of them, it is to be sure, are not so unreasonable. Messrs Wise, of Va., and Briggs, and Cushing, of Mass., begged that the statement might be heard. On the other hand, Messrs. White and Pope, of Ky.,

and Jennifer, of Md., protested with great earnestness against the reading of any such document, and it has, accordingly, not been read.

One of the great difficulties in the present situation of the House is, that the Clerk believes he has no authority to put a question, members enough not having been called to constitute a quorum of the House. As such is his opinion, and he is not allowed to proceed with the roll, it is place until one party or the other abandons its present position. Even an adjournment is carried, only by general consent, the members indicating their wishes by all clearing out.

From appearances to-day many other members are prepared with speeches, and we may expect to-morrow another repetition of the scenes of yesterday. And thus, for aught I can see, the House may go on for weeks, without making any progress whatever.

THE SENATE this morning only met and adjourned, without transacting any business—All the wheels of legislation must stop, until somehow or other the House can get organized.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4, 1859.

The wheels of legislation are not yet in motion. The House appears no nearer its organization than it was two days ago, when the Clerk first called the members present to order. Parties have come to no agreement; both sets of claimants from New Jersey still demand their seats; the Clerk yet thinks he has no authority to put a question, in the present embryo state of the House; the opposition still refuse to allow the call to proceed, passing by the State of New Jersey, until a quorum has been formed; and all, therefore, is discord and confusion.

In the House, to-day, three different resolutions have been offered to effect an organization.

1st. Mr. Wise, of Va. moved that the Clerk proceed to call the undisputed members, after which the House should hear & decide upon the contested seats. This very fair and reasonable motion met with so much opposition from the mover's political friends that he subsequently withdrew it.

2d. Mr. Graves, of Ky. moved that the Clerk be directed to go on with the roll, calling all the members who had the evidence of a Governor's certificate. This was simply asking the Clerk and his friends to abandon their position, and give up the whole ground which they had assumed—an absurd proposition which the mover supported in the most intemperate harangue which has yet been made.

3d. Mr. Hunt, of N. Y. moved that the House proceed to choose a temporary Speaker, who should have no power to appoint committees; that a committee of Elections be then chosen by ballot; and that after the contested cases before the House shall be decided, the House then proceed to elect its permanent officers.

The last two resolutions are the order of the day for to-morrow. Neither of them probably, will be adopted. Indeed, I do not know who is to vote on them. A quorum of members has not yet been called, and the Clerk without a quorum will put no question. Besides, there are five more members on the floor than belong there—there being eleven from New Jersey, instead of six. Shall all of them vote—if not, which of them? The whole matter is surrounded with difficulties, and shows most clearly what disastrous results must always follow any attempt to disregard the will of the people.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.

I omitted to mention in my last letter, that the House, last evening, regularly adjourned. The Clerk then decided that he might properly put a motion to adjourn, without a quorum of members. He still, however, retains his opinion that he can put no other question until he is allowed to go on with the roll. How, therefore, the various propositions before the House are to be disposed of, remains altogether beyond comprehension.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5th.

Thursday, P. M.

Well, the Gordian knot, which could not be untied, has, at last, been cut. The House has chosen a Chairman, and that Chairman is John Quincy Adams. I will detail very briefly the proceedings which led to this result.

When the members had been called to order at 12 o'clock, Mr. Underwood, of Ky., took the floor. Mr. Underwood proposed a resolution similar to that previously offered and withdrawn by Mr. Wise, and sustained it with some extended and rather desultory remarks. He was followed by

Mr. Randolph, of New Jersey. Mr. Randolph's chief object seemed to be to demonstrate the sanctity of Gov. Pennington's signature, and the authority of the great seal of New Jersey. His speech was, evidently, intended for home consumption, and was not made for the sake of shedding any new light upon the subject before the House. After he had wearied the patience of the House for more than an hour, he yielded the floor. It was taken by

Mr. Adams, of Mass., whose appearance in the discussion attracted a great deal of attention from all parts of the House. Mr. Adams addressed himself, not to the Clerk, but to his "Fellow citizens, members elect of the House." He said they were in a novel situation. The clerk had not called the roll, according to the usual custom, and had decided that he could put no question. The House was, therefore, completely restrained from action—bound hand and foot—could neither move forward or backward. A large number of Representatives were in their seats—larger, probably, than ever before—and it was their solemn duty to proceed to action. They must organize, and, if not in the established way, in some other. He thought they must do as was done in Virginia, when the British Governor dissolved the Legislature of that state—if they could not get a Speaker, they must get a Chairman. He proposed anew the resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Graves, directing the Clerk to proceed with the roll, calling all those members who had the usual evidence of a Governor's certificate, and said he would put the question himself.

Amid the great confusion which now prevailed, Mr. Rhett, of S. C. arose, and proposed to offer a substitute for Mr. Adams' resolution. He

first, however, asked the Clerk if he still held the opinion that he could put no question.

The Clerk said that, in his official character, he could put no question, though, as chairman, he might consent to do so. He said that, in conformity with his duty, he had prepared a roll of members, according to his honest convictions of right, but had not been able to get through with it. Until a quorum of members was called, he could not, in his capacity of clerk, consent to put a question. He regretted that the House would not consent to hear his reasons for the course he had pursued, and could only assure conscience, and with a single desire to do his duty.

Mr. Rhett then moved that Mr. Williams, of N. C. being the oldest member of the House, be requested to act as chairman thereof, before its organization.

Mr. Williams declined. He said the proceeding was altogether irregular, and that the Clerk should be compelled to go on with his roll.

Mr. Rhett then substituted the name of John Quincy Adams, put the question himself to the members, and declared the resolution carried.

Mr. Adams was then conducted to the chair, when

On motion of Mr. Mercer, of Va., the House resolved to be governed by the rules and regulations of the last Congress.

A call for adjournment was then made and carried.

These proceedings all took place very rapidly, and were attended with great confusion. The election of Chairman was received with mingled applause and hisses from the galleries.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6th.

Friday Morning.

The principal figure of yesterday's proceedings, as you already know, was John Quincy Adams.

The advanced age of Mr. Adams, his great experience, the fact that he had once occupied the highest office in the gift of the people, his acknowledged learning, and his very eccentricities, even, all point him out as a distinguished object of public attention. It is not strange, therefore, that when he rose to speak yesterday, every eye in the House was turned to him, and every ear anxiously bent to catch the words which the feebleness of his voice rendered it very difficult to hear. So, at all events, it was. Members from other parts of the House, as soon as he took the floor, gathered quickly in his neighborhood, and, for a moment, the noise and confusion which are almost incessant in the Hall, were hushed to implicit silence.

His remarks, I regret to say, were hardly worthy of the attention which they received. Some portions of them would have been unjustifiable, from the youngest man upon the floor, and were especially discredit to Ex-President Adams. I do not, of course, allude now to any of his sentiments which I mentioned in my last letter, for that did not contain even an abstract of his whole speech.

I refer, in the first place, to his uncalled for abuse of Mr. Garland, the Clerk, whom he reproached in the most violent manner, and in language little better than slang, for not proceeding with the roll, according to custom. Now, it should be remembered that Mr. Garland was perfectly willing to go on with his roll provided the House would allow him. He was only unwilling to go on with any roll but his own. It was his duty to make a list of members elect, and he had performed that duty, on his own responsibility, according to the evidence before him. He had, to be sure, not registered either set of claimants from New Jersey on that list, because he did not feel competent to decide upon their respective claims, and he therefore, proposed to pass them over. This the opposition would not permit him to do. In truth, and in fact they prevented him from so doing. If then, he did not go on with his roll, it was not his fault, but the fault of the opposition. Mr. Adams' harsh rebuke was therefore, not only in bad taste but absolutely undeserved.

Besides, Mr. Garland had been denied the common right to defend himself. He was not permitted to make any statement in justification of his course. Member after member had fiercely attacked him, and yet his mouth was stopped—he could not reply. Under these circumstances, it was inhuman for an old and distinguished man like Mr. Adams, to strike at him again. It was firing at one unarmed, and incapable of resistance, and there was no manliness in the act.

Again, Mr. Adams uttered a deliberate and palpable misstatement in relation to the New Jersey case. He declared that the people of New Jersey had sanctioned Gov. Pennington's certificate by re-electing him to his office. Now, it is an undisputed fact that, at the last election in New Jersey, the whigs had a majority of upwards of 2300 against them. True, Gov. Pennington was re-elected, but re-elected by the Legislature, and the Legislature, by the fraudulent management of the Federal party, does not at all represent the people. The Gov. retains his seat, therefore, in spite of a majority against him, only because the state had been previously gerrymandered, in the most unjust manner, by his own political friends. When Mr. Adams said, then, that the people had sanctioned Gov. Pennington, he asserted what was not true, and what he must have known was untrue. It was painful for this reason, to hear him make the remark. The House itself seemed shocked by it, for when he uttered it, a general though subdued murmur of astonishment was heard throughout the hall. No, the people of New Jersey have not failed to vindicate their rights before the country. If Gov. Pennington's fraud is allowed to work its intended effect, it will not be because they have not spoken out against it in tones of fitting rebuke.

I was surprised, too, to notice Mr. Adams' inconsistency. When he moved his resolution that the clerk proceed with the roll, calling all the certified members in the usual way, Mr. Vanderpool, of N. Y., proposed to offer an amendment excluding all the New Jersey members from voting on that question. Mr. Adams, thereupon, took occasion to lash Mr. Vanderpool severely for moving to take away five sixths of New Jersey's representation in the House. Was this, said he, that gentleman's love of the people?—

Did his affection for the popular will thus manifest itself? Did he talk of his regard for the people of New Jersey, in the same breath that he demanded the exclusion of their representatives? Now, when it is recollected that Mr. Adams, at the last session, offered himself a resolution in substance the same with the amendment proposed by Mr. Vanderpool, the eccentricity of his course will at once be perceived.

Mr. Adams is a man of very quick temper and irritable feelings, and charity should, perhaps, induce us to believe that in the excitement of debate, he says more than he really intends. This is the best excuse I can find for his conduct of yesterday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6th.

Friday, P. M.

At 12 o'clock to-day, Mr. Adams took the chair and called the House to order.

Mr. Dromgoole, of Va. asked for the reading of the Journal of the House for the preceding four days of the session, and the clerk proceeded to read.

Mr. Wise said, it did not appear by the Journal that the Clerk had declined to put any question of adjournment, and, therefore, the great reason why a Chairman had been appointed was not stated. He moved the correction of the Journal in this particular, to correspond with the facts of the case, and offered several amendments for that purpose, which, after some discussion as to the propriety of their form, and after various alterations, were at length adopted.

The order of the day was a resolution moved yesterday by Mr. Wise, that the Clerk be directed to proceed with the roll, calling all those members who have the evidence of a Governor's certificate.

Mr. Rhett, of S. C. moved that Mr. Wise's resolution lie on the table, and proposed to offer, as a substitute, another resolution that the Clerk proceed to call the names of uncontested members, and that then, before choosing a Speaker, the House should hear and decide upon all contested seats. He said this was, in substance, the same resolution, offered last session, by the Chairman, the same offered and withdrawn by Mr. Wise, the same proposed by Mr. Underwood, of Ky., and was the original motion of Mr. Rives, of Va. He hoped it would be acceptable to the House. He wished to go fairly into the merits of the New Jersey case, and he did not see why any gentleman or any party should object. Nothing could be gained before the people by stifling evidence, and refusing to hear the facts of the case. They ought to come out, and he wished to hear them.

The question being called on Mr. Rhett's motion, Mr. Dromgoole, of Va. one of the tellers appointed, asked who should be counted. There were more members on the floor than belonged there—whom should he receive and whom reject? Unless otherwise ordered by the House, he should count every member on the floor.

The Chairman said he should decide that those only must be counted who possess the evidence of a Governor's certificate; and, upon the question being asked, he further said, that such persons were not excluded from voting by the rule of the House, which provides that no member shall vote on any question, in which he has an immediate and particular interest. The constituents of such persons, he said, were interested in the decision of their contested cases, and not the members themselves.

Mr. Vanderpool, of N. Y. appealed. He protested against the right of the Chairman to make any such decision. It was a gross assumption of power—a monstrous usurpation. It was a decision, not of question of order, but a question of right. It was, in effect, deciding the whole matter which had agitated the House for the last four days.

After some further debate by Messrs. Mercer, of Va. Stanley, of N. C. Briggs, of Mass, and Granger, of N. Y. who supported the opinion of the Chair, and appealed to gentlemen to go on with the organization.

Mr. Craig, of Va. said he was anxious to go on, but before any progress could be made it must be decided who can vote. He wanted the evidence in the New Jersey case, and the decision of the House thereon. He liked Mr. Rhett's resolution.

Mr. Wise, of Va. thought the inquiry of Mr. Dromgoole came too early. His colleagues should have waited until after the count, and then, if too many members were found voting, he should have reported to the Chair, whose duty it would have been to decide as he had done. He alluded to Mr. Vanderpool's charge against the Chairman, of usurpation, and endeavored to repel it—launching, at the same time, into a most exalted panegyric upon the character and services of Mr. Adams. "You have passed," said he "through many scenes of credit and of honor, and done numerous great and worthy acts! but the proudest moment of your life was when, yesterday you rescued the House from its difficulty and confusion, and was created yourself its Chairman!"

Mr. Thomas, of Md. followed Mr. Wise in a speech of great power. He contended that the act of the Chairman in making his late decision was an act of usurpation, a twofold he had not been chosen to perform. It was nothing more or less than an attempt to settle, at a single word, the whole New Jersey case, which the House had been so long debating. He protested against the votes of the members from that State. He wished both sets of claimants excluded. There was reason enough for their exclusion. To be sure, some of them had the Governor's certificates, but had not the Governor himself, in two successive messages, declared that he gave the certificates because the technicalities of law did not allow him to count all the votes? Had not the Governor admitted that the Federal claimants were only elected by throwing out a large number of ballots, and that, if all the votes given at the Congressional election had been counted, the Democratic claimants would have been declared elected? Had not the Secretary of State of New Jersey certified, too, that the Democratic candidates had, in fact, a majority of votes, although other men had obtained certificates? And was this evidence enough to make the House pause before it admitted the certified members to seats? The House, he said, was not bound by any technicalities such as the Governor of New Jersey had sheltered himself behind. It

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had full and ample power over the whole matter, and the just exercise of that power, he contended would shut out all the contested claimants from voting in their own case. Besides, these members were directly interested in the decision of this question. They were to vote whether they themselves were members or not—whether they should have certain immunities and privileges or should not have them—whether they should have their pay, too, their wages, or should not have them. It was not interest, immediate and particular interest, he did not know what interest was.

Mr Hoffman, of N. Y. next took the floor. Mr Hoffman had much to say about the charge of usurpation which had been brought against Mr Adams. He, too, like his friend Mr Wise, went into a lofty panegyric of the Ex-President's distinguished character, and wonderful "services." Just as if the people had not once passed their verdict upon these "services," and that verdict a verdict of condemnation! He, too, congratulated Mr Adams upon having yesterday brought order out of chaos, and rescued the House from confusion. Just as if peace making was any characteristic of John Quincy Adams! Just as if he had not done more than any other man, for the last few years, to keep the House in disorder and tumult!—Mr Hoffman was followed by Mr Vanderpool, of N. Y., who replied very eloquently to his colleagues, Messrs. Granger and Hoffman, the former of whom he lashed with great severity. We have not time to give any sketch of his remarks.

The discussion was continued, also, by Messrs. Biddle, of Pa., and White, of Ky., when Mr. Duncan of Ohio, obtained the floor, and, on his motion, the House adjourned. We shall have a speech from him, I suppose, to-morrow.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 17, 1839.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

We ask such of our subscribers as are indebted for the Democrat two, three, four, five, and six years, to forward a part, if they cannot the whole amount, immediately. We are in great want of money at the present time, and if every one indebted would pay a part of the amount due it would aid us materially. We hope and expect to hear from all, without delay.

CONGRESS.

By information received up to the 10th inst we learn that Congress had not organized at that date. The contested seats of the New Jersey members appears to be the cause of the delay. New Jersey is entitled to six Representatives. At the last election of members of Congress, one Whig and five Democrats received a majority of all the votes in the State; but Gov. Pennington gave six Whigs certificates of election as having received a majority of the votes. The Secretary of State, Mr. Westcott, certifies that from returns received and an file in his office, one Whig and five Democrats have a majority of the votes. Both parties claim to have titles to seats. The facts of the case were in the possession of Mr. Garland the Clerk of the last House, who is required by his oath, by custom, and by law, to make up a roll of the names of the members of the present Congress, so far as he can ascertain their titles to seats. At the opening of the present session he proceeded in the usual manner to call the names of members by States until he arrived at New Jersey, and having called the name of the member holding the only uncontested seat, he, in a brief address, asked leave of the body to make a statement of the course which he believed his duty required him to take in regard to the certificates under which the claimants to the contested seats presented themselves in that body. Some of the leading Whigs immediately objected, and insisted that he should neither explain his views of his duty nor perform it in any other way than that in which they thought it should be performed. Mr. Wise differed in this from some of his friends. He held that the Clerk might make known to the House what function he considered the law, the rules of the House, and usage imposed upon him; but still he contended that the Clerk had no alternative; he must call a list of members including those who have possession of the contested seats. He denied the right of the Clerk to exercise any power as a judge to decide upon the conflicting credentials, yet demanded, and appealed to the Clerk's oath and conscience to enforce the demand, that he should recognize one set of claimants or the other. "The Constitution expressly provides that the House is alone authorized to judge of the returns of members. The Clerk in proposing to pass over the names of the contested claimants, evidently proposed to refer the question on the disputed returns to the undisputed members of the House, who are also competent to decide on their validity. But this fair and reasonable course was not permitted by the majority. They insist that the Clerk shall proceed to call the roll, and call a full representation,—and as a consequence permit those occupying contested seats to take part and vote in the organization of the House, before their titles to seats are decided. The minority have taken their stand upon the ground that the members sent by Gov. Pennington shall supplant those sent by the State,—that his certificate is of more importance than the voice of the people,—and presume upon their power to force them upon the House, without allowing the body even a vote on the subject.

The Democrats, on the other hand, contend that either the House should organize, neither party of the claimants being allowed to vote until their claims have been settled, or that there should be a temporary organization, the oldest member, as is customary, being in the Chair, and the contested seats be settled before any permanent organization. This latter mode of procedure was proposed, at first by Mr. Wise, but he was induced, by the violence of party feeling, to withdraw it. Mr. Rhet, a sound Democrat, then adopted it, and upon motion made by him on the 5th inst, J. Q. Adams, being the oldest member present, was called to the Chair, pro tempore. Thus, after four days of the most shameful confusion, brought on by Federal fraud and usurpation of power, involving the Union in the deepest disgrace, and the people in an expense, worse than useless, of something like three thousand dollars last

per day, the House was temporarily organized. Here one would naturally think the difficulty might cease; but on the following day, when the House came together with Mr. Adams in the Chair, when a question was put he decided that the Federal New Jersey claimants had a right to vote as legal members. By this decision, the House was brought to precisely the same point from which it started on the first day of the Session. This decision was objected to as contrary to the express rules of the House, which had then been adopted, that no member should be allowed to vote on any question in which he was interested. The Chair replied that the Representatives were not interested in the question, it was their constituents! A quibble which we should have hardly thought any man occupying that responsible station would have availed himself of, much less J. Q. Adams. The flood-gates of debate being thus again thrown open, it is impossible to tell when Congress will be regularly organized.—The Federalists will listen to nothing short of the absolute and unqualified admission of the Federal claimants; to which the Democrats cannot, as friends of their country, consistently consent. Thus stands the matter up to the last accounts.

The Federal party appear not to be satisfied with the result of the mad game played at Harrisburg last winter, but the same spirit must be diffused throughout the whole clique, to be carried by them into our National Legislature. They will find in Congress, however, as they did in Pennsylvania, that it is hard to contend against the will of the people. Bullying is but a poor substitute for argument; and we should think the whigs had learned by this time, from experience, that attempts to defraud the people of their just rights can never for any length of time be successful.

At the Convention recently held by the Whigs at Harrisburg, for the nomination of candidates to be supported for President and Vice President, Wm. H. Harrison was nominated for President, and John Tyler, of Virginia, for Vice President.

The nomination of "Granny" Harrison for President, does not appear to "take" very well with some portion of the Whig party, if we can judge any thing from their papers. It is a sore one for this State and Massachusetts, as well as many others.

The New York Dispatch, says: "From what we have heard among the Whigs of this city, we are inclined to suspect that these nominations do not particularly please the Whig party in this city. At any rate, Clay or Scott would have been more popular."

Bennett, of the New York Herald, (Federal), gives his opinion of the nomination in very plain language. He says,—"The nomination of Harrison, after such an expenditure of talent, and wisdom, and eloquence, and patriotism, by the Convention, looks very much like a farce—a miserable farce. There has been in the Whig party, for ten years past, a railing against all 'Military Chieftains' by the lump. They would not—could not—should not touch such an article. No, not they. Well, what of it? The very first chance they have, they not only select a 'Military Chieftain,' but select one of the weakest and most superannuated of the lot."

The above extracts are only specimens from two Whig papers. Many more might be given to show that there is no more union among the "great Whig party" than there was before the nomination, when they were quarrelling about the candidates. Well, it matters but little whether they run an old broken down horse, a colt, or a filly, for the Presidency. They have lost the "start," and are already so far "distanced" that they can hardly expect to win the race! But, should such a thing take place, and this country be afflicted with such a "superannuated" old "Granny" at the head of affairs, of which there is not much danger, it would show the consistency of that party who have heretofore professed such terror of "Military Chieftains" for office.

A PRETTY GOOD HOAX.—While the carriers of the New York New Era were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the President's Message, a bundle of old Messages was discovered in the office, which they immediately laid hands on, and before the trick was found out, they were hawked about the streets and a pretty good number disposed of. The packets just starting for Europe, were beautifully supplied with them. One carrier is said to have realized \$12, from the sale of them.

A house in Glasgow has received an order from the Pacha of Egypt for 200 tons of bullets, to be sent out immediately. We guess he means to administer blue pills to some of his rebellious subjects.

Bank notes on the Philadelphia Banks to the amount of one million of dollars have been marked since the 9th of October last, as having been presented for specie payment. They will not pay out their own notes, or redeem those that are already out! What would be the fate of the individual who would thus conduct himself?

There is a hog on exhibition in Boston, which is but sixteen months old, and weighs nine hundred pounds!

Wonder if 'taint the "Striped Pig" what upset the Whig party at the election in November last.

YANKEE FARMER.—We learn from the last number of this valuable Agricultural journal, that a new volume will commence Jan. 4, 1840. It is published every Saturday on a Royal sheet, by James H. Baker, Middle street, Portland; S. W. Cole, Editor. Terms, \$2 in advance, or \$2 50, at the close of the year.

We should be happy to forward the names of subscribers for the above work, gratuitously.—"Every farmer should study well his profession; a wise head relieves the labor of the hands and leads to success."

The Ohio papers say that all the Banks in that State have resumed specie payment. A good example coming from a Democratic State.

Delicate Attention.—In the tenth century, to eat off the same plate, and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry, and the best possible understanding between a lady and a gentleman.

Matrimony is a medicine very proper for young men to take. It decides their fate—kills or cures.

Cure for Cancer.—The Lynchburg Virginian says that Dr. Hopkins, of Abingdon, has discovered a radical cure for cancer, polypus, &c. He first uses a vegetable substance, the name of which is not disclosed, but which eats away the excrescence, and leaves the roots exposed, and after removing these the patient recovers. Many cures are said to have been performed in this manner.

Waggish.—Some of the Whigs talk as if they really believed in the possibility of electing Harrison to the Presidency, next fall!—Boston Post.

Kentucky Legislature.—This body met at Frankfort on the 2d. The House of Representatives was organized by the election of John L. Helme (fed.) as Speaker. After 11 ballots, the Senate adjourned without effecting a choice of Speaker.

Susan Gouts has made Isaac B. Rowland pay \$1000, (the Washington, Md. Court has so ordered), for promising to marry her and then refusing. Susan sold Isaac for a pretty good sum these "hard times."

Correspondence of the New York Express.

LONDON, Nov. 15th, 1839.

Since my last our city has been thrown into considerable excitement by the disastrous intelligence brought by the Liverpool steamer, which arrived here on the 7th. This has however considerably abated, in consequence of all the American Bills having been duly honored at maturity. How long this will continue is another matter; but from what I can learn, the American houses of any standing will make a desperate struggle to support their credit here, whatever may be the result at home. The principal thing to be guarded against is the high nominal value which will be put upon American produce, by the absence of all checks upon the issue of paper money by the suspension of a majority of the Banks. It was by that means they were enabled to keep up prices in 1837, but there is a wide difference between the two periods. At the former date the credit of the United States Bank was unshaken. It is believed in the best informed circles here, that Mr. Jaudon has been able to raise funds to a considerable amount on the securities transmitted by the Liverpool steamer, which is so far playing the same game over again by the influence of our own capital. The effect has however rendered money a little easier in the discount market, although there is no change in the rates of interest charged on the Customers bills of the London Bankers. The discount houses are barely obtaining the rate fixed by the Bank of England, except on Bills of an inferior character. In return they are obtaining money on call from the Bankers at 1-2 per cent., & the amount thus placed at their disposal has increased since last week.

Such is the position of affairs here, but the pressure on the Provinces, and particularly on the manufacturing districts, is decidedly on the increase. Under the apprehension of the screw of the Bank of England, the Joint Stock Banks are now curtailing their overdrawn accounts with too much rapidity, and unless these proceedings are guided with prudence, they will inevitably produce the result they are so desirous of avoiding, viz. the Bankruptcy of their customers, I do not however see how it is avoided, as it is well known the products of our principal branches of industry have in the aggregate yielded no profit for nearly two years; it therefore requires no gift of prophecy to foretell what must be the consequence.

In American Securities no transactions have taken place, except in United States Bank shares, several sales having taken place at \$16 10 per share within the last two or three days, and they are quoted at the close of business at \$16 per share, at which price 800 shares have been sold in the course of the day.

I have heard nothing further relative to the negotiation pending between Mr. Jaudon and the Dutch House alluded to in my last, but presume from the present position of affairs that all hopes from that quarter are given up, at least for some time to come.

The Quebec, which left your side on the 23d ult. arrived this morning, and upon the whole the accounts received by her are considered more favorable.

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.—The Windsor correspondent of the Morning Herald, writing on Wednesday says, alluding to this forthcoming event—the two princes of Saxe Coburg, Salford, Ernest and Albert, will leave the

castle at an early hour to-morrow morning, in one of the Queen's carriages "horsed by the royal horses," for Dover, where they will embark that afternoon for the Continent. The Princess will be attended by Baron Alvensleben, and Count Kolowrat. The two Princes will proceed direct to Brussels, on a short visit to their uncle, the King of the Belgians, previously to their return to Germany. Prince Albert's return to England has been arranged to take place in March next; and we state, upon the best authority, that in the course of the following month, or early in May, the marriage of her Majesty with this "fortunate youth" will take place.

SMALL POX. We learn that several cases of Small Pox have occurred in the town of New Sharon, in this county. The disease was brought from Boston, by a gentleman belonging to New Sharon, who since died. Too much precaution cannot be taken to prevent the spread of such a disease. We would earnestly recommend to every individual who is at all liable to be exposed, and who has not recently been vaccinated, to attend to it immediately.—Skowhegan Sentinel.

Quite a number of the Traders in Bangor, have entered into an agreement not to receive the bills of any Bank which does not redeem at the Suffolk, except those located in Bangor.

The Baltimore Sun suggests that the official characters who manage the suspended banks, should have their notes altered from "we promise to pay on demand," so as to make them read "we promise to pay when we please;" with an addition, "we shall never pay so long as we can avoid it."

The lady of a man in Massachusetts, presented him with three little boys on Thanksgiving day. Hadn't he reason to be thankful—that there wasn't any more of them?

The difference between happiness and wisdom is, that the man who thinks himself most happy, is so; while he who believes himself most wise, is generally the very reverse.

A tailor in Salina, New York, in advertising for business, adds the following postscript:—"Most kinds of country produce received in payment, cabbage excepted."

All preach humility, none practice it; the master thinks it good doctrine for his servants; the workling for the clergy; the clergy for their congregations.

"I hope you will honor the draught," as the loafer said to the hogshead, when applying his mouth to the bung-hole.

A doctor told his patient that he must give him an emetic. "It's of no use," said the patient, "I have tried it twice before and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

A good farmer's wife somewhere in Vermont who having been put to some inconvenience to procure cotton to mix with her wool for domestic manufacture, advised her husband to get a cotton ram so that they might have cotton and wool ready mixed from their own flock.

The New York Atlas says that a vulgar woman is one who stays at home and takes care of her family. Unhappily this species is nearly extinct.

A Good Reason.—A methodist minister in Vermont, forbids any one to play a bass viol in his church. He says however serious his thoughts may be, the moment he hears a fiddle, he goes to thinking how he used to dance.

MARRIED.

In Wilton, Edward Small to Miss Botay Tucker both of Jay.

In Portland, George H. Kendall to Mary C. Norris.

At Jackson Hill, near Washington city, 21st Frederick B. Culver, M. D. to Miss Adelia, daughter of Amos Kennadl, the Post Master General.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of license given me by the Court of Probate in and for the county of Oxford, I shall sell at Public Auction on Monday the sixth day of January next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, if not previously disposed of at private sale, all the interest of Geo. West and David Brett, minor children and heirs of Jonathan Brett, late of Dorchester, in the county of Norfolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, in the homestead farm of said Brett, late of Turner, in the county of Oxford, deceased, consisting of one undivided fifth part of about twelve acres of land with a house and two barns thereon. Said sale, if public, will be on the premises. Terms liberal, and made known at the time of sale.

Canton, Dec. 10, 1839. OTIS HAYFORD. 3w18

COPARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

The copartnership of JOSEPH SHACKLEY & Co., in this day by mutual consent dissolved. All persons having demands against said firm, are requested to present them for settlement; and all persons indebted to said firm are requested to make payment to Henry Rust, who is authorized to settle the same. The business of the Tansy-will, in future, be carried on by JOSEPH SHACKLEY, HENRY RUST, & CO. SARAH RUST. Norway, Dec. 10, 1839. 3w18

NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the duty of Administrator on the estate of

JERATHAMEEL HAWKES,

late of Mexico, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

Mexico, Nov. 28, 1839. EPHRAIM MARBLE. 3w18

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Inn of Calvin Danley in Waterford, in said county, on Saturday, the 25th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right which Josiah Atherton and Rowland H. Gerry, both of said Waterford, have in equity to redeem the following described Real Estate, situated in said Waterford, containing seventy-five acres, more or less, and in the same land conveyed by Wm. Morse, Jr., by Deed from Calvin Farrer, dated July 9, 1813, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 10, pages 529 and 530, with the buildings thereon, excepting two acres sold to Wm. Willard.

Said premises were mortgaged by Wm. Morse, Jr., to Wm. G. Whitney by Deed, dated January 31, 1825, and recorded in said Registry, Book 24, page 416, to secure the payment of \$450 and interest. Said premises were conveyed to said Atherton and Gerry by Lewis Jewell, Executor of the last Will and Testament of said Morse, subject to the mortgage aforesaid, by Deed dated June 6, 1836, and recorded in said Registry, Book 55, pages 56, 57, 58, 59.

JOHN C. GERRY, Deputy Sheriff. Waterford, December 16, 1839. 3w18

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Inn of Wm. A. Whitcomb in Waterford, in said county, on Saturday, the 25th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right in equity which Almond Howard, of Waterford aforesaid, has to redeem the following described real estate, to wit: a certain lot of land situated in said Waterford and numbered one in the 10th Range of Lots in said Waterford, containing 160 acres. Said Lot being named and described in the Deed of said Almond to Barzilla Howard, dated April 23, 1832, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 20, page 450, and reconveyed by said Barzilla Howard by Deed of Warranty, dated February 4th, 1835, to said Almond Howard. Said premises were mortgaged by said Almond to Caleb Stephens and Jacob Hazen, Jr., by Deed dated February 18, 1835, and recorded in said Registry, Book 43, page 574, to secure the payment of \$225 and interest.

JOHN C. GERRY, Deputy Sheriff. Waterford, Dec. 16, 1839. 3w18

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction, at the Inn of Wm. A. Whitcomb in Bethel, in said county, on Saturday, the eleventh day of January next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity, which Baxter A. Lyon, of Bethel, yeoman, has to redeem his homestead farm, situated in said Bethel, or so much thereof as he has heretofore mortgaged (and not redeemed) to Robert A. Chapman and to Ebenezer Eames, both of said Bethel, Esquires.

A more particular description and the terms of sale to be given and made known at the time and place of sale.

AARON CROSS, Dep'ty Sh'f. Bethel, Dec. 4, 1839. 3w18

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on the premises, on Monday, the tenth day of February next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity which Sylvanus Fogg, of Bayville, has to redeem a certain piece of land situated in Bethel, in said county, being the farm on which William Fogg, late of said Bethel, deceased, died seized and possessed, the same being subject to a mortgage by said Sylvanus to Samuel S. Bicknell, and other incumbrances, as appears of record, and which will be made fully known at the sale.

AARON CROSS, Dep'ty Sh'f. Bethel, Dec. 4, 1839. 3w18

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on the premises, on Monday, the tenth day of February next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity which Sylvanus Fogg, of Bayville, has to redeem a certain piece of land situated in Bethel, in said county, being the farm on which William Fogg, late of said Bethel, deceased, died seized and possessed, the same being subject to a mortgage by said Sylvanus to Samuel S. Bicknell, and other incumbrances, as appears of record, and which will be made fully known at the sale.

ORVILLE BRIDGHAM, Dep'ty Sh'f. Dec. 10, 1839. 3w18

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday, the twenty-third day of January next, 1840, at one o'clock, P. M., at Broadrick Dillingham's house in Turner, in said county, all the right in equity which Broadrick Dillingham has in and to a certain piece of parcel of land situated in Turner, in said county, being the homestead farm of said Dillingham, and now occupied and improved by him. Said premises being subject to a mortgage to secure to Salmon Townsen the payment of two hundred and nine dollars with interest from the eighth day of December, A. D. 1834; said mortgage is recorded in the Oxford Registry, book 50, page 129. Terms cash.

FREELAND MARBLE, Dep'ty Sh'f. Turner, Dec. 10, 1839. 3w18

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the store of Hiram Hubbard in Paris, on Saturday, the 25th day of January next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all the right which Isaiah Willis has in equity to redeem the following described real estate, to wit: a certain tract of land lying in said Paris, being the northern half of the double Lot of land numbered 25 and 26 in the 3d Range of Lots in said Paris, excepting twelve acres off of the southerly part of the northerly half of the Lots aforesaid, which twelve acres are to be continued in a strip the whole length of said Lots containing 100 acres more or less.

The above premises were mortgaged by said Isaiah Willis and John Willis, to Alfred Andrews by Deed, dated February 21st, 1835, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 43, page 408, to secure the payment of \$320 25 and interest. Mortgaged by said Isaiah to said Andrews, also, by one other Deed, dated June 9th, 1835, and recorded in said Registry, Book 44, page 450, to secure the payment of \$64 50 and interest. Mortgaged, also, to John Deering, by Deed, dated April 6th, 1832, and recorded in said Registry, Book 37, page 220, to secure the payment of \$174 77 and interest. Mortgaged, also, to said Deering by one other Deed, dated July 18, 1836, and recorded in said Registry, Book 49, page 350, to secure the payment of \$90 10 and interest. Mortgaged, also, to Caleb Cushman, Jr., by Deed, dated Jan. 30, 1831, and recorded in said Registry, Book 35, page 332, to secure the payment of \$90 and interest.

ISAIAH WHITTEMORE, Dep'ty Sh'f. Paris, Dec. 10, 1839. 3w18

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The Committee chosen some months since to consider the expediency of forming a Town Temperance Society, and to call a meeting to act upon this subject, give notice that such a meeting is appointed on Christmas day, Wednesday, 25th inst., in the meeting house on Paris Hill, at one o'clock, P. M. All throughout the town, who cherish an interest in this cause, are requested to attend. An address is expected.

Paris, Dec. 10, 1839.

